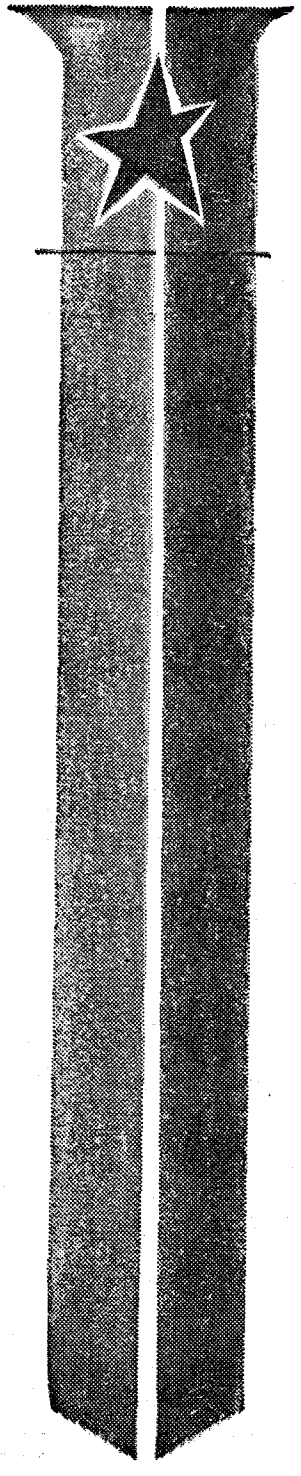
THE NATION

March 2, 1963 . . 25c



Needed: a New GI Bill

The Neglected Veterans

Nora Levin

THE ARMERS and the DISARMERS

Is Debate Possible?

Pro: J. David Singer Con: Anatol Rapoport

Vietnam: School For U.S. Guerrillas

Peter Worthington

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LETTERS

Labor costs

New Haven, Conn.

Dear Sirs: Peter Bernstein, in his interesting article, "Does the 'Profit Squeeze' Hurt?" in your Feb. 2 issue, states that manufacturing production has risen faster than wage and salary disbursements. . . . As a student of economics, I find it difficult to accept this generalization. . . . John Maurice Clark, in his "Competition as a Dynamic Process," published by the Brookings Institution, cites in his study of characteristic behavior in twelve major industries that "in every industry but one, wages increased faster than productivity, indicating an increase in wage cost per unit." While some industries may maintain a correlation between wages and productivity, other industries, unfortunate enough not to be marked by high productivity, are forced to boost their wage cost by labor's pressure. Obviously, this fact is reflected in the level of corporate profits. *Jerrold P. Fuchs,* '63

Yale University

Frosty comment

New York City

Dear Sirs: Roger Kahn's "Reminiscence of Robert Frost" in *The Nation* of February 9 recalls a chance meeting with the poet last November in a railroad dining car. While traveling to Boston, my wife and I were surprised to notice that the kind-faced, white-haired, tweedy gent enjoying a bowl of clam chowder at the next table was Robert Frost. We could not resist the temptation to engage him in conversation, particularly about his recent Russian visit. Frost said: "I used to be interested in the politics of poetry; in my old age I am getting interested in the poetry of politics."

Marvin Moses Karpatkin

Crossword Jubilee

Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs: In your issue of March 2 (this issue), you will publish Crossword Puzzle No. 1,000. May I congratulate that eminent puzzle-maker, Frank W. Lewis, on his jubilee? To create these brain-teasers every week for so many years represents quite an accomplishment. I am sure that I express the sentiments of many of your readers when I wish Mr. Lewis many, many more years on *The Nation.* *Ernest Hochschild*

Forget his color

New York City

Dear Sirs: This morning I saw and heard—on NBC's *Today* show—an engrossing discussion of some aspects of being a Negro in the United States today. The participants were three distinguished and articulate Negro writers: James Baldwin, John Oliver Killens and Louis Lomax. By the standards of our times, NBC must be credited with a useful public service.

But this is only a qualified compliment. The networks still present Negroes on such programs only in their roles as Negroes, or as entertainers. . . . No one who saw this program could have the slightest difficulty visualizing Mr. Lomax, for example, as the skillful moderator of *any* panel discussion, or as a general news commentator. . . . *Leonard C. Lewin*

Critic's critic

New York City

Dear Sirs: The editors of *The Nation* should make clear their stand on the ethical question of whether or not they should employ as their drama critic a man so involved with "show business" to pass judgment impartially on new Broadway productions. *Jack Stewart*

In every art, the practitioner appears also in the role of critic. There is no impropriety in asking those most deeply concerned to express their views. The ethics of criticism rests with the integrity of the individual and not with his professional activities.—EDITORS.

Whose money?

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: In his article, "The Tax-Cut Mirage" [*The Nation,* Feb. 16], Mr. Altman asserts that after the proposed tax-cut, the take-home pay in the lower brackets will increase only by about 3 per cent, while the savings for millionaires will increase by over 100 per cent. Mr. Altman justifies this assertion by saying, "The portion going to tax is never really the taxpayer's in the first place; it is generated, directly or indirectly, by government activity and belongs to the government." Thus the millionaire will receive a tax-cut on money that wasn't his to begin with.

The word that puzzles me is "generated." The government generates income by purchasing goods and services *manufactured and performed* by millionaires (assuming that the millionaires are businessmen). The money earned by these businessmen, then, is their own—not the government's.

Nathan Weber

Correction

The editors regret a proofreading oversight in John Clive's "Trevelyan: The Muse or the Museum?" (February 16) which permitted Bertrand Russell's first name to appear as "Bernard."

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The New Cuban Menace

The agitation about Cuba has now been given a new emphasis. Initially, when the Russians emplaced their mobile medium-range missiles in Cuba, the threat was characterized as a direct menace to American security. When the missiles were removed, the crisis passed into a period of *diminuendo*, and President Kennedy was briefly hailed as the savior of his country. From a Republican standpoint, this development — with its pronounced effects on the November election — was almost as repugnant as the emplacement of the missiles, and the party strategists speedily set out to remedy it. The resulting *fortissimo* centered on the continued presence of Soviet troops in Cuba, which was pictured as an intolerable affront to American honor and a menace to Latin American nations in that it contributed to the military power of the arch-revolutionary, Castro. But Khrushchev's recent announcement that some of the troops would be removed, coupled with the gradual realization that some form of Russian presence in Cuba was probably desirable as a means of keeping Castro in line, began to undercut the resumed agitation. The liberal Republicans, moreover, had begun to shy away from the agitation, worried lest Senators Keating and Goldwater might succeed in pinning a "war party" label on the GOP (see editorial on next page).

For different reasons, therefore, dominant elements in both parties, at almost the same second, saw the need to redefine the Cuban menace. The new menace, it would appear, consists in the very existence of a revolutionary regime in Cuba, so close to the tinderbox regimes of Central and South America; in a word, the new menace is "subversion" — by contagion and example.

This thesis President Kennedy has snatched away from the Republican sponsors with an alacrity which he may live to regret. With the spotlight fixed on President Betancourt, the President had little difficulty in getting the more moderate Republicans to go along with the proposition that "subversion," after all, is the real menace. For a party which may well nominate Governor Rockefeller as its candidate for the Presidency in 1964 can hardly take the position that a threat to American holdings in Venezuela is to be dismissed lightly. But by hailing President Betancourt as a hero of the hemisphere's "fight" against communism, President Kennedy has weakened, not strengthened, his new-found protégé. To be taken publicly under the wing of an American President is a political liability for any Latin American leader who, like President Betancourt, is attempting to initiate economic and social reforms in a politically hazardous setting. The fact is, moreover, that the danger to American capitalism in Venezuela stems not directly from communism, which is more noisy than powerful, but from the debility of the Alliance for Progress and the upsurge of nationalism which, in Venezuela as elsewhere (Ceylon, and Iraq under Kassem), takes the form of a demand for nationalization of foreign oil holdings.

If it were not for the renewed Cuban agitation, Mr. Kennedy might have adopted the more prudent course of extending a normally cordial welcome to Mr. Betancourt and then proceeded to talk business with him. The business which Mr. Betancourt came to discuss centers on residual oil. Venezuela wells produce a particularly heavy crude oil which, after refinement, leaves a sludgelike fuel that, unhappily, competes with coal in the American domestic market. Congressmen from coal-producing states, representing both miners and mine owners, are badgering the President to cut down on Venezuela residual. Congressmen from fuel-consuming states want the imports to continue. The chances are that President Betancourt is more immediately concerned with expanding the American market for Venezuela residual than with "subversion; if he goes back empty-handed on this issue, the accolade of "hero" bestowed on him in Washington will be of little help to him in his own capital.

Vietnam: Fact and Fiction

The recent statements by Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Ambassador Frederick E. Nolting, Jr., would indicate that the Administration is now urging Diem's government to be more candid about the "non-war" being waged in South Vietnam. At the same time, however, reports float back from Saigon to the effect that the Pentagon is seeking by every means in its power to stop "leaks" from American military and civilian personnel to newsmen on the scene. Since it is useless to apply to Diem's agents for information, and since the top American brass is afraid to offend Diem, correspondents must seek news where they can find it. One must be grateful to those newsmen who, instead of accepting the official fictions, have sought to turn up the facts. Peter Worthington's article in this issue is a case in point; so are the excellent articles by Richard Dudman that have appeared in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Mr. Dudman gives unpleasant details about the "dirty tactics" we have been using, such as spraying land with poison, and the number of political prisoners who are currently being "re-educated." His dispatches make it clear that the Vietcong is fighting on a shoestring; that China and North Vietnam could change the whole course of the war if they were to step up the flow of supplies even slightly. "Well-informed Western officials" told Dudman that the Vietcong now gets its new manpower and weapons mainly from inside South Vietnam.

This sort of news is bound to get out sooner or later; there is no point, for example, in trying to keep up the pretence that American pilots are not flying combat missions; for they are, with the Vietnamese

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going along as "observers." If the news out of South Vietnam is "bad," attempts to conceal it or suppress it will not succeed in the long run. If the reports are inaccurate or false, then the primary fault lies with the Diem regime. In the end, nothing will be gained by attempting to suppress the news at its source. Given the American investment in manpower, money, equipment—and lives—in South Vietnam, the public has a right to know the facts and the Administration has an obligation to make them available, whether Diem likes it or not.

The Avalanche Begins

In a splendid spirit of partisanship, the Republican Caucus in the House has established a committee, under the chairmanship of Representative Craig Hosmer of California, to discover whether a test-ban treaty would be in the best interests of the United States. The objectivity of the investigation may be gauged by the fact that, so far, it has introduced into the *Congressional Record* reports on the subject from Dr. Edward Teller, Frank J. Johnson of the American Security Council, Admiral Chester C. Ward (U.S.N., Ret.), Dr. James E. Dougherty of the Foreign Policy Research Institute of the University of Pennsylvania and Dr. Stefan T. Possony of the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace—men and institutions long identified with bigger, better and more frequent nuclear bangs.

True, the committee—as a kind of afterthought—did invite William C. Foster, head of the U.S. disarmament agency (such as it is) to submit a rebuttal. But before Mr. Foster could oblige, Mr. Hosmer's group submitted a report to Congress severely attacking the Administration's position on a test ban as endangering our security. The one-sided document, based on one-sided testimony, did have one salutary effect: it made liberal Republicans in Congress so furious that the committee has promised henceforth to solicit the opinions of a few people, at least, who might disagree with it. Republicans like Representative Lindsay (N.Y.) don't want the GOP identified in the public mind as a "war party."

Nevertheless, signs are clear that the Republican leadership in the House sees the test-ban negotiations as a good 1964 issue—and Senator Dirksen has said privately that, in this matter, he will follow Hosmer's lead. The anti-ban avalanche is beginning, and unless the Administration begins now to ward off the danger with an educational program, a treaty signed at Geneva could easily become buried in Congress.

Virus of Debate

Congressional assistants are the unpublicized gentlemen in Washington who do the leg-work and, if the truth be known, much of the think-work, for their bosses, the august members of the House and Senate. Last year a group of these assistants found themselves increasingly baffled, as well they might, by the esoteric jargon and complex issues involved in the problems of defense and disarmament. They turned for help to the Peace Research Institute, a non-profit educational and research organization headed by Arthur Larson, former director of the USIA. The institute's response was to organize a Congressional Assistants Defense and Disarmament Seminar, which opens this month. The eleven-week course (sessions are to be held once weekly, but the syllabus indicates plenty of homework) will cover (1) Effects of the Weapons Revolution; (2) Military-Strategic Responses to the Weapons Revolution; (3) Disarmament Responses to the Weapons Revolution; and (4) Possible New Directions. The lecturers are distinguished scientists from several disciplines (including psychology and biology as well as physics), a business expert, some Administration officials and several experts in peace research.

We have often noted, in these columns, the lack of any real debate in Congress — or anywhere in the country — on the question of armament policy; the only discussions have been on how the procurement pie is to be divided. But now a basic debate is promised in this seminar. One can only hope that the virus, caught by the Congressional assistants, will be duly relayed to their superiors in the House and Senate Office Buildings.

What 'Profit Squeeze'?

To the national scrap heap of exploded myths must now be consigned that wonder-phrase of 1962, "the profit squeeze." Great energy and ingenuity went into the fashioning of this stylish myth; its creators would have had us believe—in fact they convinced a large section of the press—that "the profit squeeze" was responsible for most of the economic bad news last year: the increase in "hard core" unemployment, the market break, the slowing down of economic activity, unused plant capacity, etc. But now that the year's end figures are out, it is clear that profits for the final quarter of 1962 reached a peacetime record (*Wall Street Journal*, February 20). After-tax profits will be close to or above $26 billion. "Another Record Year for Profits," carols *Business Week* in announcing 1962 before-tax profits of $51 billion, a new high, up sharply from last year's $46.6 billion and the old record of $47.2 billion in 1959. Even allowing for the exceptionally high profits of a few big corporations, notably General Motors and A. T. & T., totals based on a sample of 538 corporations are truly impressive.

These figures—which abundantly confirm Peter L. Bernstein's gentle debunking of "the profit squeeze" in these pages (February 2, 1963)—are only the more impressive when it is kept in mind that many corporations managed to chalk up record profits while operating at much less than full capacity. It should also be kept in mind that the profit figures for the corporate giants are, if anything, understated. The implications in terms of social policy are obvious. If more consumer purchasing power could be generated at the levels where it is needed—if a larger percentage of plant capacity could be utilized—industry would have profits coming out of its ears and without any reduction in

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corporate taxes. So weep no more for "the profit squeeze," a useful myth until the facts caught up with it, but now merely another memento of popular credulity in the early 1960s.

The Big Hike

President Kennedy was no doubt as surprised as everyone else by the current hiking craze which he inadvertently set off with his letter to General David Shoup of the Marines.

Walking, to be sure, is a good and safe form of exercise—safe because, as Dr. Paul Dudley White points out, the leg muscles of would-be marathon walkers are pretty sure to give out before their hearts will. But, aside from the Marines, for whom it is a professional duty, one can be sure that the present craze for the fifty-mile hike will not last even fifty days. By the end of the month most of the walkers will revert to the national practice of driving a quarter of a mile rather than doing it on foot, even when a pedestrian can make better time than an automobile in traffic.

Yet the transitory hiking craze can be of benefit to the President if he will ponder its lesson. It shows the immense leadership potential which a popular President possesses. It shows, also, the eagerness of the people to respond to any suggestion of his. But it also reveals the inability of the President—to date at least—to define significant objectives to which the people may respond directly. In his inaugural address, President Kennedy exhorted the people to think not of what the country could do for them, but what they could do for their country. This glittering generality has been allowed to hang in the air for two years. Mr. Kennedy, unlike Franklin D. Roosevelt, has not spelled out what people can do for their country. Suppose, for example, that he were to use the network facilities to blast racism and to plead for the practice of equality *now*, in education, housing, employment and every activity of life. He would enrage some voters; he would inspire many more. But he would have provided essential guidance and stimulation for untapped reservoirs of social idealism which he could command if he would.

'This Queer Europe'

Next week Claude Bourdet, editor of France-Observateur, *writes in* The Nation *about the new Europe that is gradually emerging as power centers shift, alliances change and the United States faces the need to alter old policies.*

Needed: a New GI Bill

THE NEGLECTED VETS . . . . . Nora Levin

In last week's issue, John C. Esty, Jr., in an article entitled "We Don't Need the Draft," argued that our Selective Service System was not only inequitable, but useless from the point of view of national security. In the following, Nora Levin, a history teacher in the Veteran's Program at Franklin High School, Philadelphia, asserts that the young men who are unfairly inducted these days into the Army are treated even more unfairly when they get out.—Editors.

The current concern with high-school drop-outs may lead some officials in Washington to consider afresh the disquieting profile of the cold-war GIs drawn by the Bradley Commission in 1954-55. These are the GIs "postdated" January 31, 1955—the day President Eisenhower declared the Korean emergency to be over and all GI education and training benefits came to an end. Not much is known about the several million men who have been discharged from the Armed Forces since that date; they seem to have slipped into the twilight gray of the cold-war world and remain one of the few problems unstudied by proliferating foundation grants. However, the Bradley Commission Report projected a disturbing future for them which, in turn, partly explains our present unemployment dilemma.

Half the total group of "peacetime" servicemen came from semi-skilled or unskilled occupations and more than one-third had no job experience prior to their induction. About 40 per cent had less than a high-school education and, according to the report's analysis, lacked the educational background and aptitude for regular college work:

> *Except for such training and experience as they may acquire while in service, they will be poorly equipped to enter the labor market. Many of them will need trade and vocational training of below college level in order to make up for the civilian work experience and seniority lost by virtue of military service. . . .*
>
> *The regular education system is not equipped to meet their needs; otherwise, they would have stayed in school longer.*

In every aspect — in terms of educational background, civilian-job experience prior to induction, and aptitude for college — World War II veterans were much better prepared for absorption into the civilian economy after discharge.

An unemployment survey made recently in Pennsylvania, which suffers 10 per cent of the nation's unemployment, shows, in a nutshell, the manpower crisis. Over one-fourth of the half-million jobless studied were veterans. Of the 228 occupations in which manpower was needed, 197 required people with less than college training but with very definite skills. Skills are precisely what the cold-war GI doesn't have — skills that could give a handle to drifting lives. While it is obvious that a training

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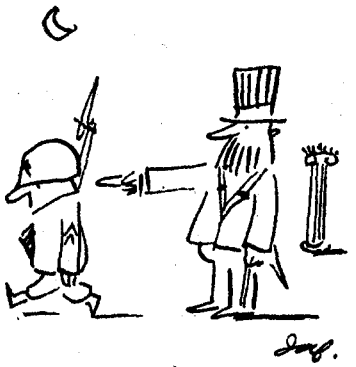
program for several million post-Korean veterans will not solve the national unemployment problem, it is also true that the group grows larger year after year and constitutes a built-in irritant that tends to aggravate recurring unemployment crises.

Every Congress, the Senate conducts extensive hearings on legislation to give these GIs educational and training benefits—a perennial labor of love for Senator Ralph Yarborough (D.,Texas) particularly. The Senate passed such a bill in 1959, and although hearings were held on it in the House during 1960, it was not reported out by the House Veterans' Affairs Committee. The Senate Labor Committee again reported the bill in 1961, but it was not scheduled for floor action in the Senate during the balance of the 87th Congress. Although many feel that a majority of both Senate and House would vote for the legislation, strong opposition by both the Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations has thus far prevented action. (While President Kennedy voted for the cold-war GI bill as a Senator, and was elected on a 1960 Democratic Party platform endorsing such a measure, his Administration has argued no less forcefully against the bill than the previous one.)

It is a curious thing — perhaps symptomatic of our bewildered life in this flinty age of the cold war—that post-Korean veterans and their problems have engaged practically no public interest or concern. The tides of studies on the American educational crisis eddy round them. The American Legion, the largest and most powerful of all the veterans' organizations, consider them ineligible for membership and unworthy of receiving training benefits. The military professionals think of them primarily as a pool from which to entice back the cream as military career personnel. The Eisenhower administration felt that training benefits for them would be too costly and would unbalance the budget; the administration then added the strained argument that a basic educational program of truly national scope would be blocked by giving special consideration to post-Korean veterans. The present Administration echoes the arguments. And the men themselves lack any organizational platform from which to speak. It has been left to individual educators, vocational counselors, liberal Senators and the smaller veterans' organizations to sustain the struggle, albeit in the close confines of Congressional hearing rooms.

Over a period of six years, these men have patiently repeated to closed audiences the incalculable values, represented by increased skilled manpower and the orderly readjustment of servicemen to civilian life, that could be imparted to millions of additional younger men. In reading through the reams of testimony, one recalls how unruly, even violent, our veterans frequently proved to be in past years. It was this fact which led to the passage, in 1944, of the GI bill for World War II veterans. In terms of cold, hard cash alone, the bill has been a self-paying proposition: by 1970, the $15 billion invested in it will have been more than paid back in terms of an additional $1 billion per



year paid in federal income taxes as a result of increased income levels attained.

No single national program has given so many people so many skills in so many pursuits as has this GI bill. One-third of the eight million veterans who used the program enrolled in craft, trade and industrial courses; 700,000 went into business and management courses; 440,000 engineers, 240,000 teachers, 168,000 doctors and dentists, 112,000 scientists, 105,000 lawyers and 93,000 social scientists and economists owe their training to the bill. Despite the fears of some that colleges would be converted into "educational hobo jungles" under the program, university educators and administrators by the hundreds have testified that GIs brought stability and maturity into the classroom. The program was a major contribution to the national welfare and the country would be weaker educationally, economically and from the point of view of national defense if we had not embarked upon it.

The Korean Readjustment Training Program will show even more impressive results. About three million young men have trained under this program at an average yearly cost of a little more than $500 million.

Proposed veterans' legislation anticipates that about four million veterans will be discharged during the period February 1, 1955, to June 31, 1963 (when the present draft law ends). Over a projected five-year period, almost 1.5 million veterans would participate in GI benefits, according to government estimates. Costs for the first year would be about $93 million. Costs would gradually rise to a peak expenditure of $500 million for the fifth year, and would then gradually decline. Stacked against the $1.5 billion cost of stabilizing wheat prices, or against a total federal budget of $98 billion, these amounts seem very modest indeed.

January 31, 1955, seems a peculiarly arbitrary date for cutting off benefits. Aside from the fact that, on a purely personal basis, servicemen inducted on February 1, 1955, felt the same sense of hardship and sacrifice that inductees the day before experienced, all of our days since 1955 have been cold-war days. If we are not at war, we surely are not at peace, as everything in our lives today bears testimony. Men alerted in Guantanamo Bay, South Vietnam and Berlin, or men holding the 38th Parallel in bleak Korea are looking, or have looked, into the eyes of the enemy. As if in belated recognition of this fact, the Defense Department last June announced that tens of thousands of servicemen would be eligible for a new campaign medal to be awarded for hazardous duty in the cold war. Designated the Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal, it will be given for service during certain periods in Berlin, Lebanon, Quemoy and Matsu, the Formosa Straits, the Congo, Laos and South Vietnam.

Many cold-war GIs are bitter because their years in service represent a real sacrifice of roles in civilian life: school, school-and-work combinations, jobs and normal family life. In many cases, college work has to be taken on a piecemeal basis, indefinitely postponed or

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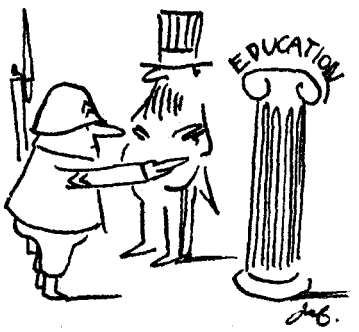
given up if the draft intervenes. The Bradley Commission Report warned that the main handicap incurred by post-Korean veterans, aside from a service-connected disability, would be the disruptive effect of military service on education. The pre-service educational and job experience of these men indicate that their training needs are great. However, military service does little or nothing to satisfy these needs. The in-service opportunities given draftees for vocational studies and work experience do not offset the interruption of schooling or jobs.

This is not the place to go into the confusion created by the pulls of two conflicting systems — conscription and military professionalism — each with its own rationale, justifications and objectives. But a few comments may be injected. The Army is the only service that uses the draft, and it bluntly admits using it chiefly as a spur to keep enlistments up. The draft calls take only a fraction of the total number of eligible young men, and under present rules the mathematical chances of being drafted are getting smaller and smaller. The fact is that the old and honored claim of universal obligation slides into the dust bin of history, along with the muzzle-loading rifle and cavalry saber. War has now become a business for razor-sharp specialists, and more and more manpower experts are attacking the draft because it is outmoded as an effective system to meet the security needs of the country.

Among those who are drafted, there is much bitterness and antagonism and more than the usual amount of soldier griping. Cold-war uncertainties hang over the draftee's future; he is furious because luckier friends have escaped his lot, and he is being denied not only the fringe benefits which former GIs enjoyed, but also the key instrument with which to regain a substantial parity with his luckier contemporaries—education and training benefits. Moreover, because deferments are generally available to financially able young men, the burden of military service, always a financial handicap, passes to those who are least able to afford it. As Senator Yarborough has put it, "This is class legislation, unfair and inequitable unless we act to equalize the disadvantage suffered by those who serve. . . . We must at least give the young man who fulfills his military obligation some means by which he can catch up with the world that has passed him by."

The military professionals generally have argued against continuing training benefits on the ground that they lure men out of military service and handicap the services in their efforts to retain career personnel. The low re-enlistment rate is attributed to the enticement of education benefits. This generalization has apparently been based on an Air Force survey of first-term airmen's reasons for not re-enlisting. When the material is examined carefully, however, some curious discrepancies show up. First, only 5 per cent of the airmen involved and 10 per cent of the officers were queried; secondly, the questions posed in the survey do not ask



specifically *why* a man wants to leave military service, but simply asks him to check one of eight plans he intends to carry out during his first civilian year; thirdly, only those men were queried who had indicated previously that they intended to leave the force at the end of their current enlistment; fourthly, questions on education do not appear in every questionnaire. So we have a percentage of a percentage of a percentage of airmen saying that they expect to go to school, or work-and-go-to-school after their separation from service. This is not extraordinary news.

The obvious distaste for a circumscribed lifetime of military service felt by many men had apparently not occurred to the questionnaire-makers. In the 1959-1960 hearings, Senator Yarborough eloquently reminded an Air Force witness that many men simply cannot stomach a military career, and that freedom from military-service restrictions is a positive need for some human beings.

Admittedly, the professionalization of a segment, perhaps all, of the Armed Forces is a necessity, but so long as military conscription commits draftees to fixed, limited periods, it is indefensible to apply to them the criteria, the pressures and the psychology of an elite military-career group.

In fact, the retention rate for first-term airmen with four to six years of service was built up from 10.9 per cent to 31.2 per cent, almost threefold, from 1954 to 1958, despite the eligibility of these men for educational benefits under the Korean GI bill during this period. Senator Kuchel of California has testified that the rate has moved up strikingly to 45.7 per cent during the first six months of 1959, exceeding the rate recommended by the Cordiner Report.* All of the personnel represented in this rise were likewise eligible for Korean training benefits. Thus, the competition between a service career in the Air Force and GI-bill benefits has been largely overcome, or at least nullified, by now. The factors working for a military career are positive ones: more stabilized operations, leadership-training programs and important career incentives such as medicare, survivors' benefits, social security. Then the Military Pay Bill of 1958 offers improved opportunities for advancement and compensation for special skills, retirement benefits, increased military housing and improved procedures in training, transferring and assigning military personnel.

The percentages of re-enlistments in the critical occupation groups — technology, etc., — is naturally lower because of the unsaturated demands for civilian technical labor. Competition for technical personnel between civil industry and the military will go on apace until increasing numbers of technically trained persons are available in civilian life. New legislation for post-Korean veterans would go a long way toward stopping this competition, toward salvaging irreplaceable human potentialities, and toward taking us off that chilling platform where men in responsible places make a whipping boy out of education.

*Subsequently, the rate increased markedly.

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Is Debate Useful?

The Armers and the Disarmers

The most immediately vexing problem facing the advocates of disarmament is that of tactics: to whom should they speak? in what terms? under what circumstances? The problem arises at many levels of the peace movement; in our Feb. 2 issue, Roger Hagan discussed it in terms of the tactics pursued by the "peace candidates" in last November's elections. Here two thoughtful observers discuss it in quite another context: a unique symposium, held at the University of Michigan, which brought together what one of our contributors calls "the armers and the disarmers" and the other describes as "those concerned with avoiding war, the others with waging peace."

Both our contributors would class themselves among the "disarmers"; they are also good friends as well as faculty colleagues. But they view the symposium with quite different eyes and their arguments are here presented in "pro" and "con" form.—EDITORS.

Pro

J. David Singer

During the week before Christmas, a novel and ambitious conference occurred on the University of Michigan campus. Co-sponsored by the Bendix Systems Division, a major supplier of weapons systems and surveillance equipment, and a university which has probably been the nation's most active center for peace research, the International Symposium on Arms Control attracted nearly 400 individuals from government, industry, academe and public-affairs organizations.

Clearly, each of us who organized the conference (whose details will be found in a forthcoming issue of the *Journal of Arms Control*) had a different combination and hierarchy of objectives in mind. Let me mention those which seemed most germane:

(1) add to knowledge of the general problem area;

(2) help professionalize and legitimize the peace-research enterprise;

(3) improve mutual understanding among the diverse groups;

(4) build support for the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

There were many others, latent and manifest, altruistic and selfish, serious and trivial, but of those mentioned, I should like to focus on one in particular: improving the relationship and understanding between the "armers" and the "disarmers," who more often than not are also the insiders and the outsiders respectively. The question is: how legitimate and valuable is this goal, and to what extent was it realized?

The second part of the question can only be answered by assertion, since space precludes a detailed summary of the conference setting, topics and participants. So let me respond with a relatively unequivocal "considerable." But assuming that a wholesome and frank dialogue did take place, the first part of the question nevertheless remains: is such intercourse useful to the responsible peace movement? In the section which follows, my colleague, Anatol Rapoport, suggests that it is not, because the moment the peace dove lies down (or even sits down) with the war hawk, his goose is (if I may use the metaphor) cooked. The hawk, he says, speaks and understands only the language of strategy, and once the dove has adopted this language, he must adopt the concomitant mode of thought. This mode, because it assumes that threat and punishment represent the only effective means of dealing with an adversary, enhances the self-fulfilling prophecy. By resorting to threats of violence, we provide the evidence which persuades the adversary—who also views himself as the deterrer—that *we* can only be restrained by the threat of destruction.

The argument is compelling, but it seems to give insufficient weight to several crucial considerations. First of all, none of us can be very self-assured when explaining or predicting Soviet behavior; I would even argue that the men in the Kremlin are themselves uncertain as to their own objectives and strategy in the middle-run. The dangers of both dogmatic optimism and dogmatic pessimism could be profound; and it therefore behooves the nation to develop a policy of what might be called sophisticated uncertainty. Such a policy merely assumes that the Soviets, like other major powers of this and other eras, are opportunistic, and are likely to grasp at cheap victories but shy away from gambles when the probability and cost of failure get "too high." Our problem, then, would seem to be one of persuading them that cheap victories will be few and far between, and at the same time offering the sorts of inducements which encourage competitive, nonmilitary coexistence. Consequently, unless one is willing to run the risks implicit in assuming that the adversary has no expansionist tendencies, there is little choice but to retain a military establishment and the panoply of people which must direct it. And to eschew contact with these people (or their nongovernmental counterparts) is to deny oneself: (a) some fascinating intellectual experiences, (b) access to views and information not often found in published documents, and (c) the opportunity for reciprocal influence.

Item (c) leads, in turn, to another compelling reason for encouraging contact between the insiders and the outsiders, and between the armers and disarmers. (The two pairs need not necessarily coincide, though they most often do.) There is almost no serious dialogue—in government or out—between those responsible for, or committed to, preparedness and those responsible for (very few in government), or committed to, arms reduction. The result is often a

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stand-off between the moderates and the ardent peace-mongers, while the more aggressive characters move into the resulting vacuum. Or, to look at it another way, if the responsible and concerned policy-maker finds that the concerned outsider is ill-informed, indifferent to the exigencies of the internal-policy struggle, or naive about past Soviet behavior, he will be increasingly drawn toward the more belligerent end of the arms-policy continuum.

Finally, there is a very simple and direct way in which the knowledgeable and concerned disarmer can influence the policy process, however modestly. No matter how great his experience and his ability, the full-time policy-maker just never seems to find time to do all the reading and thinking he would like; consequently, he tends to rely on his professionally competent friends who have the time to "follow" related events, the literature and the general gossip of the trade. Sometimes, the academic even discovers that his own models, ideas or phrases have found their way into the policy dialogue, via either informal conversation or a published article or unpublished memo which the appropriately receptive policy-maker encountered or requested.

Almost all the pressures at work on the man in the Departments of State or Defense, the Atomic Energy Commission or the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency are in the direction of the perceived internal consensus: more means-oriented, more shortsighted and, above all, more politically respectable. The former professor who, before he entered government service, believed in a combination of minimum deterrence and modest multilateral arms reduction, and who now not only verbalizes but *believes* the slippery rhetoric of preponderance, counterforce and civil defense, is responding not so much to new and hitherto unavailable information, or even to new events, as to the need to conform in order to survive and remain "effective" in government.

Those of us who are free from those constraints, who have the time and the environment for independent thought and research, and who need adhere to no particular party line of the moment—it is up to us to speak out, publicly and privately. But we cannot speak out intelligently if we don't know what's going on behind the headlines, and we will not be heard if we don't appreciate the dilemma of the decision-maker. This cannot be done if we cut ourselves off from those with whom we are not in total agreement.

If, then, the main purpose of the University of Michigan conference was to bring together the armers and disarmers, the insiders and outsiders, for serious debate, quiet conversation and an exchange of information and ideas, this was accomplished in large measure; it may represent an important step toward hastening the development of (a) an informal alliance between the responsible man in government and the knowledgeable outsider in industry or academe and (b) an effective dialogue between the armers and the disarmers. Thus, even though I, for one, heard a lot of strategic views with which I profoundly disagree, the chances are that we invigorated the intellectual and personal base upon which men of courage and competence may yet come together in developing a military policy whose coherence and intelligence befits the most powerful and liberal nation of our time.

Con

Anatol Rapoport

I will take issue with only two points in my colleague's evaluation of the International Symposium on Arms Control. The first concerns the question of whether the symposium did indeed provide new opportunities for "serious debate, quiet conversation and an exchange of information and ideas," and, if so, about what and for whom.

As I listened to some of the papers, I kept imagining myself at a conference discussing the problem of installing seat belts on the jalopies in which our spirited youngsters play Chicken. I thought I was listening to experts giving papers on the strengths of materials from which belts are made, on the relative merits of the various belt types, methods of installation, etc. Statisticians were presenting computations of safety coefficients with due concern for the influence of road and weather conditions—all very thorough, responsible and scientific. Then I thought I heard the teenagers stating *their* problems. Some argued that the seat belts would be a handicap, because the whole point of the game is to convince the other driver that *he* is to give way if he wants to live, and this argument is the more persuasive the more the other is convinced that you don't give a damn, which would be belied by the seat belt. To this I thought I heard replies by the proponents of the seat belts that, on the contrary, the added safety measure would allow the player who has it to show more determination. The others argued back that what about the other, would he not also be more determined if he, too, had a seat belt?

All these arguments were backed by profound expertise in physics, engineering, strategic analysis and the theory of games. All the questions raised were highly interesting and eminently researchable. The aim of the conference was admirable—to make a dangerous game less dangerous, and its outlook was realistic, assuming there is no way to stop the kids from playing the game. Still, if one kept one's sense of proportion, one could hardly avoid the feeling that one was witnessing a farce.

I have just referred to the imaginary seat-belt conference, not the one under discussion. I am not prepared to dismiss the arms-control symposium as a farce. For one thing, by no means all of the sessions gave the impression of irrelevance and futility. There were significant glimpses of sanity and occasionally of a positive contribution to what I had naively imagined to be the aim of symposium—an exchange of ideas in preparation for a major research effort on the pressing problem of reversing the arms race. Let us, however, see whether as a result of the symposium one can expect any movement in this direction.

There were two groups of participants: one concerned with avoiding war, the other with waging peace.

The first, by far the larger group, was concerned with ways of

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Genuine old master? Or a fake?

tinkering with the war machine in order to keep it from exploding and at the same time to keep it serviced and ready to go. It was apparent that this group viewed war as something that *occurs*, like an earthquake or a tornado, and that the war machine can and should be designed to prevent the occurrence of this disaster with proper safety devices to guard its possessor against accidents. The other, much smaller, group took its point of departure from the assumption that wars do not "occur," but are made by men who control war machines. To those who held this view the war machine was not an insurance against a quasi-natural disaster, but an instrument of man-made disaster. Actually, these people were concerned with a wide variety of problems, but what was most conspicuous to the first group was the second group's nagging insistence that the war machine will have to be dismantled, not "made safe" while fully operative.

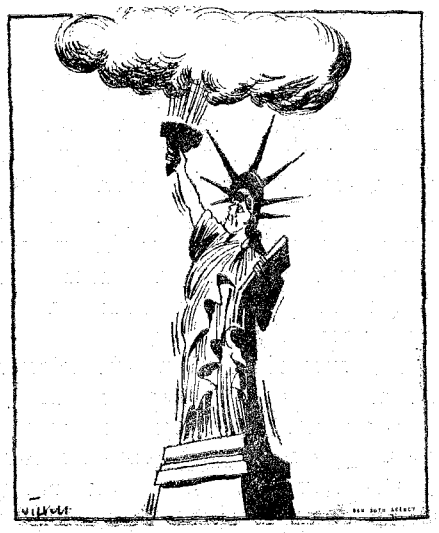
Now the problem of keeping a war machine both operative and "safe" requires a great deal of competence relevant to the operation of the machine. And this is about the only competence which the arms-control people take seriously. The problems with which the disarmament group was concerned also required a great deal of competence, but not of the kind that is relevant to the operation of the war machine. These problems were all but ignored by the arms-control people. Therefore the position of the disarmament people appeared to the arms-control people to be without "professional" foundation. Those who spoke the language of physics, logistics, power politics and military strategy thought of themselves as professionals and tended to regard the others as amateurs. This atmosphere was not conducive to any serious exchange of views.

This brings me to the second point with which I want to take issue. Dr. Singer places his hopes on the "professionalization" of the peace worker. But it is frequently the very expertise of the "professional" that prevents him from looking at his axiomatic base and at its underlying value system. (Logical rigor demands that one examine the logical structure of an argument, but not the underlying postulates.) The hero of the novel *The Bridge on the River Kwai* was in the same position. His bridge was a thing of beauty and a monument to human ingenuity and perseverance. He lost his life defending his creation. But he was insane, and his bridge, for all the work and passion that went into its making, was only a materialization in wood and iron of a madman's ravings. When I think of these examples, I tend to view "professionalization" with considerable suspicion.

Dr. Singer makes one telling point, and in our long and searching conversations, I have admitted its force. He says that our efforts are futile if we do not reach *someone* who can influence policy. Now those who are in positions of influence have got there because they have become immune to beatitudes, at least to *our* beatitudes. But some of them are still susceptible to arguments based on knowledge, says Dr. Singer. Moreover, the decision-makers and those who influence them, for all their toughness, are not monsters but people like us, he says—even the strategists.

So here are these people, who are not monsters, who are bright enough to follow a complex argument and are reasonably open-minded, even though hard-headed, in the sense that it takes a *serious* argument to make them change their ways, not just value judgments like "It is wrong to slaughter babies." Dr. Singer's main point is that to reach these people, we must engage them in a serious dialogue in their own language.

Now I am a strong believer in serious dialogues. I consider a dialogue serious if each party enters it not only with an intention to modify the views of the other party but with an awareness that his own views may be modified in the process. The trouble is that while I believe that many a well-meaning strategist will enter a serious dialogue with me in good faith—that is, allowing that his views may change in the process—I cannot say the same for myself. I would be entering such a dialogue under false pretenses. I can well imagine a serious dialogue with people with whose fundamental positions I profoundly disagree, for example, with a devout Catholic, an orthodox Communist, a laissez faire conservative. To talk with them in good faith is difficult, but not impossible. With each there is somewhere a common ground. Somewhere our conceptions of good and evil overlap. Each of them has a point which does bring out (although I think in an exaggerated or distorted manner) some real aspect of the human condition. With such a person I can engage in a serious dialogue. In doing so, I need not feel committed to an utter destruction of his world or his faith. Not so with the planner of "rational military strategy." To me the only possible motive for associating intellectually with him would be a nefarious one—to infiltrate his world in order to destroy it. He is to me not an opponent, but an enemy. If I were to learn his language, I would do so not in order to understand him, but in order to pass for a professional so as to get his attention. In short, in such a



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dialogue I would find myself in the position of a spy or of a Jesuit of the seventeenth century, or of a Communist in the darkest days of the *Stalinshchina*.

Still, I will concede to Dr. Singer that one hope remains, namely, to seek out those among the non-monsters who also want to destroy the world of "rational military strategy," those who have themselves joined that world in the sincere belief that by infiltrating it they can conduct at least a holding operation. If the expected time of the holocaust can be stretched from two to five years by inducing the Joint Chiefs of Staff to switch from the presently ascendant counter-force strategy to the "minimal deterrence" strategy, then there is some point in learning the techniques of strategic argument. Such arguments can be compared to the legalistic conjuring required to get a reprieve of execution of an innocent defendant. A bag of tricks is sometimes needed to prevent an irreparable travesty of justice, but it is a mistake to identify this virtuosity with justice. Similarly, the arguments of the "moderates" in the strategic mode should not be viewed as contributions to peace, but only as desperate emergency measures.

Perhaps there are genuine men of good will among the strategists, and perhaps joining forces with them offers some hope. If working with them requires learning the obscene language of nuclear strategy, so be it. Let those who have the stomach for it, learn it. In this I agree with Dr. Singer. I disagree, however, in viewing the acquisition of this knowledge as the "professionalization" of the peace worker. I maintain that the knowledge of the weaponeer and of the strategist is useless to the peace-worker's profession, because the frame of reference in which the strategist's concepts are developed is one in which *movement* toward peace is impossible.

The strategist's paradigm of conflict is the game of strategy—the model of "rational" conflict. The most crucial characteristic of this model is the finality with which the constraints of the conflict, namely the "rules" of the game and the objectives of the players, are given. Flexibility, therefore, is possible only in the choice of strategy and of the sub-objectives to strive for in the pursuit of the final goals. The final goals or the meaning of the game cannot be re-evaluated in this frame of reference.

As an example, I will cite one paper presented at the symposium. (In fairness, I should point out that I have picked the example to stress the point.) A mathematician analyzed a two-person game between Inspectors and Evaders. The rules of the game permitted the Inspectors to carry out a certain number of inspections (presumably in connection with some arms control or disarmament agreement between two nameless opponents). The objective of the Inspectors was to maximize the probability of detecting violations, while the objective of the Evaders was naturally to maximize the frequency of undetected violations. The solution of the problem was two recommended strategies, one for the Inspectors, one for the Evaders (certain methods of "randomizing" inspections and violations respectively), which guaranteed to both parties the closest approach to their respective goals possible under the rules of the game. With all respect to the ingeniousness of such formulations and to game theory as an intellectual achievement, I submit that knowledge derived from such in-

(Continued on page 188)

The View from the Scaffold . . . . . David Cort

The intention of the modern, democratic, industrialized society is to develop a world without risk. Since it is within the definition of science that it can produce absolutely predictable—that is, riskless—results, this dream is almost within our reach. In the delusion that it has already been reached, many sectors of our society in government, management and labor are to be found trying to succeed without really trying.

In this simply marvelous world, there are at least two catches, to be named perhaps Catch 20 and Catch 21, on Joseph Heller's scale of *Catch 22*.

Catch 20 is the goof-off, new standard practice in Western industrial civilization and also, I am told, under Communist industrialization. This is a slang word which has some foundation in the dictionary, "goof" being a stupid or foolish person, but the "goof-off" is a skilled way of appearing to do the job without doing it at all. Since Catch 20 is well known to everybody, we can omit one hundred pages of documentation.

Catch 21 is that a world without risk is impossible and will always be impossible. Only useless people live without risk.

Obviously Catch 20 cannot be juxtaposed to Catch 21 without disastrous results, including violent death.

This is the situation we find in those trades which must send their workers far down or high up. For the first, there are the tunnel workers and the miners, especially those in coal which, being organic, ferments methane gas or fire damp. For the second, there are the steel workers, airplane crews, astronauts and window-cleaners. In these occupations, the goof-off is nearly synonymous with murder, no matter how sanctified the role may have become in a theoretically riskless world.

The case of the window-cleaners is a classic example of men in peril defending themselves, through a union, against the goof-off in a thousand forms, some of which will be given, all of which could kill.

Not long ago, no window-cleaner could get insurance from any company. He was regarded as already as good as dead. He had no safety belt; it would have been useless, since there were no window-anchors to fasten the belt to. He fell, and was killed, with appalling frequency.

The window-cleaners themselves, as men who preferred to survive,

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organized their unions. In New York City, Local 2 began in 1916, and was chartered by the A.F. of L. in 1921. It has never had an officer who had not been a practicing window-cleaner. All the present officers are ready to go out the window tomorrow. The present president is out on the scaffold right now. The secretary-manager long worked on the windows of the United Nations buildings. No great labor satraps pull up at these offices in their Cadillacs. Indeed, the door to the office looks blank until one peers and sees a small tag on which has been typed, simply, "WINDOW CLEANERS."

For thirty years, the union never got a contract without going on strike. The reason was that the union kept asking for further guarantees against other people's goof-offs. By 1950, it had so effectively made its point that since then there have been no further strikes.

But the work was not finished. In 1951, a window-cleaner named Hoare was asked by a lady please not to dirty her window sills, and she draped a rug over the sill. The rug slid and Mr. Hoare fell, taking a year and a half to die, his agony dulled by drugs. In consequence, the safety code, New York State Industrial Code Rule No. 21, says: "The cleaner shall not stand or support himself on any object placed on a sill or ledge." A few other provisions of this 21-page document should be quoted:

When cleaning from the inside the cleaner shall not place or extend more of his body than one arm beyond the window sash.

The cleaner shall not work from a surface on which there is snow, ice or other slippery substance.

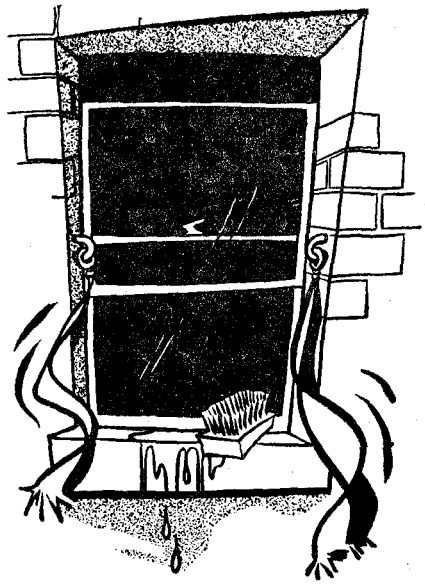
Ladder rungs shall be of commercial white ash, white oak or hickory. . . . The slope of the cross grain shall not exceed one in 15 at any point for rungs, steps or cleats. . . .

A wood ladder shall not be painted with other than a transparent material.

The complete assembly of the safety belt shall be capable of holding a 250-pound weight falling free for a distance of four feet.

A cleaner shall not be suffered or permitted to use a safety belt or any part thereof that has been used as a test specimen.

The code specifies the components of the alloys used in anchors and anchor fastenings, and even defines the temperatures at which the metals must be forged.



A man's life may hang on every provision.

The achievement of Local 2, a union of, by and for window-cleaners, is that New York City, which has more high windows to wash than any other city in the world, also has the best safety standards in the United States.

The popular myth is that window-cleaners are some sort of super-race of mountain goats, mysteriously immune to vertigo. The fact is that every new man is nervous the first time he goes out the window. Window-cleaners are just people.

On the racial theory, it may be said that in the early days Local 2 was 65 per cent Ukrainian and 25 per cent Jewish; today a third of the membership is Negro and Puerto Rican. The Philadelphia local is now predominantly Negro. Everywhere window-cleaning is a family trade; union memberships are filled with sons, brothers and cousins; and perhaps this is why one or more racial groups may dominate a particular local.

The officers of Local 2 impressed me as honest, intelligent and dedicated men. "I would think the morale here is very high," one says, and is answered, "Not as good as it used to be. The building boom has brought in a lot of young men who don't understand unions yet. But maybe they will." One gathers that they do not shade the truth even in innocent pride. The reason may be that they are looking steadily at life-or-death reality, an area where any kind of cheating is unthinkable.

The local has done well financially for its men. They get a minimum of $104.50 for a forty-hour week, an average of $115. Since a day's work is figured at an average of eighty windows, some fast workers make as much as $200 a week, or $10,000 a year. Employers must contribute $6 per week per man to the pension fund; and about $4 per week per man to the insurance fund. The men get ten paid holidays a year, and a three-week vacation after ten years. On retirement, at age sixty-five, they get $75 a month.

Local 2 has 1,600 members; 400 self-employed men are members of two other locals in New York City. They usually work from 7 A.M. to 4 P.M. though some crews start at 6 A.M. The purpose of the odd hours is to avoid bothering executives during their office hours.

Some unions regard it as sound labor policy to encourage the goof-off, but for the window-cleaners the goof-off in any form wears a skull head. Last year they went to the funerals of five window-cleaners in New York City.

Soon after sun-up on May 29, 1962, union members Sczerba, Zuck, Johnson and Betelho were working on a scaffold outside the nineteenth-floor windows of the new Equitable Life building in Manhattan. Equitable Life happens to be the company that issues Local 2's admirable group-insurance contract, and the four men might therefore have felt uniquely safe and cared-for (but probably had no such thought). The scaffold was part of the new type of equipment that runs on railroad tracks around the roof and suspends the scaffold on drum hoists equipped with a locking device (pawl and ratchet) and a secondary braking mechanism. Identical installations, costing perhaps $150,000 each, were on the Equitable and the adjacent Time and Life Building. However, at Equitable, somebody had goofed. The locking device had evidently not been inspected recently, and the safety brake had been omitted, at a saving of less than $4,000.

And so, as the first sun hit the glass towers of Manhattan, the gear teeth stripped and the scaffold fell the nineteen floors to the sidewalk, killing the four men, Betelho, however, lived until after he was lifted into the ambulance. The goof-off crowding in on the men of Local 2 had broken through again, and killed.

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The role of Equitable Life was ironical. It was three days away from assigning its maintenance work, including window-cleaning, to another company. Furthermore, it pursues an especially paternal policy toward its employees, who occupy the entire new Equitable Building. At lunch time, the first two floors give an outsider the impression of a company picnic. The second floor is filled with lounges, cafeteria and restaurants solely for Equitable employees and their guests. Everybody seems to be happy. Remembering the stripped gears and the plunging scaffold at dawn, one realizes that here, in the warm noonday hubbub, there are no risks and the goof-offs are forgotten. This is of course a welcome revelation. It is the world as it really runs. Men may die if only they will be so good as to die well before nine o'clock in the morning.

Two days after the accident, or goof-off, at Local 2's demand, New York City and New York State temporarily suspended the use of power-operated scaffolds. It was demanded that the regulation requiring the secondary brake on the drum hoist be strictly enforced and that inspections of the equipment be made frequently and rigorously. The union had simply found that it had to defend itself against a new form of the goof-off. The window-cleaners are all too aware that they are one of the many guinea pigs by which the others can decide just how careless they can afford to be. A killing makes the others a little more cautious, for a little while. And then, unfortunately, they fall back into the wonderful, generally lovable habit of the good old goof-off.

Vietnam: School for U.S. Guerrillas . . Peter Worthington

Like a small boy who constantly gets caught with his hand in the cookie jar, the United States has been caught, once again, backing and bolstering an unpopular dictatorship in a backward country. This time it's the regime of President Ngo Dinh Diem of South Vietnam, whose main virtue seems to be that it is violently anti-Communist (but not necessarily pro-democratic).

It has become an international cliché that the United States traditionally supports leaders who are unpopular — the Batistas, Trujillos, Syngman Rhees and Chiang Kai-sheks of the world. And when you visit South Vietnam, you are quickly forced to the conclusion that, incredible as it may seem, America is involved in an undeclared but all-out war to save the unpopular South Vietnam Government from an inevitable overthrow.

You feel that there must be a deeper reason for supporting this disliked dictatorship. But when you ask any American in Vietnam, be he soldier or civilian, why America is so heavily committed in this savage civil war, you get remarkably similar answers. "We are holding the line against creeping communism," is the typical response. "If South Vietnam goes Communist, then Thailand, Cambodia, Malaya, Singapore, Burma — the whole of Southeast Asia — will ultimately fall into Red hands." America seems more concerned with opposing communism than it is with sponsoring a better system that coincides with the desires of the people.

In many respects, the fighting in Vietnam is more ferocious than Korea, more futile than the British-French debacle at Suez in 1956. And it seems that the United States has entered the fray too late to be on the winning side. After the French collapse at Dien Bien Phu in 1954 and the two Vietnams were artificially divided by the 17th Parallel, the Communists continued their subversive war in the south. But it was only shortly before Christmas, 1961, that the United States got both feet into the fight — nearly seven years too late.

With Vietcong rebels on the outskirts of Saigon and the Diem regime on the brink of collapse, President Kennedy's military adviser, General Maxwell D. Taylor, visited Vietnam and strongly urged that the tap of military aid be turned on to "save" the south from communism.

This eleventh-hour reprieve delayed, rather than dodged, the inevitable. Since then, 12,000 regular U.S. Army "advisers" have arrived in the country; about $1,000,000 is being spent every day by the United States to fight the war; and the Vietnamese Army has been equipped to the point where it is now one of the most modern in the free world — it has equipment that hasn't yet been distributed to American forces.

The U.S. military advisers in Vietnam present an extraordinary sight. They've made Vietnam into something resembling a cross between *Gunsmoke* and *The Untouchables*. Cowboy addicts among the Americans wear six guns in fancy holsters strapped low on the thigh (thus sacrificing walking comfort for a Western appearance), while city types prefer automatics in shoulder holsters with straps studded with shiny .45 slugs. Hunting knives or daggers are worn under the arm, in the belt or in boot tops. Camouflaged bush hats or decorated baseball caps, sunglasses and bulletproof vests are worn in combat areas.

Officially, Americans aren't supposed to shoot unless shot at first. This regulation is cheerfully — and understandably—flouted every day. It is in the books for political and propaganda purposes only; Americans are technically here as advisers, not fighters.

The paradox is that, despite their rather slapdash Hollywood appearance, American military men are fighting in a very real war (nearly sixty Americans killed in a year; 700 Vietnamese killed per week). And the U.S. troops are very, very good. They are all professionals — career soldiers — sent abroad to learn the techniques of guerrilla warfare and to beat an enemy, not just to put in service time.

When questioned, American officials reluctantly admit that the learning of guerrilla tactics is a "fringe benefit" of Vietnam. But from what I've seen of the battle zone, I'd say this is the main benefit to be derived from the frustrating, rather desperate struggle to contain

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Peter Worthington recently returned from the Vietnam battlefronts, where he covered the war for The Telegram *of Toronto, Canada.*

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and annihilate the elusive enemy.

American brass readily admits that President Diem is unpopular. His regime is riddled with nepotism and his relatives seem the only ones he dares trust to run things. The Diems are ardent Catholics in a predominantly Buddhist country. The President is a dictator without roots in the peasant masses. The villages in the flooded southern paddyfields have been aware of their government only through local tax collectors, petty officials who are often corrupt, occasional politicians who visit and make patriotic speeches, then disappear for another six or twelve months. South Vietnam is a police state; this is what the peasants see. Such democratic ideals as freedom of the press, freedom of worship, free enterprise, and so on, mean little to the illiterate masses, who desire only food, tools, freedom from police oppression and freedom to live unmolested lives.

Daily the peasants see the Vietcong. The Communist rebels are of the masses; they make promises for a better life, spread propaganda and, where necessary, threaten, cajole and terrorize to gain support. Consequently, it is estimated that 75 per cent of the people, in varying degrees, support the rebels, who dominate 90 per cent of the land.

President Diem is a cold figure—an austere and aloof man who rules by remote control, rather in the manner of Salazar of Portugal. He has not the personal magnetism of a Nasser, Nkrumah or Nyerere. Few in South Vietnam would shed tears if he disappeared from the scene. His regime is not excessively brutal and is not ruthlessly exploiting the helpless masses; it is simply not popular and not wanted. Communism has had too great a head start in the remote mountain jungles and southern paddyfields to be stopped by a massive show of foreign arms.

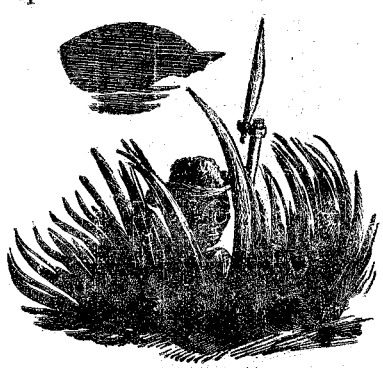
I suspect President Diem is *not* anxious for the war to end. He has discovered the golden key to unlock American aid. In the past year, Saigon has become a boom town: hotel rooms are scarce and prices are soaring. Americans will apparently spend money on anything. The U.S. military forces have, in effect, become "free" mercenaries for President Diem; and the "cream" of the U.S. regular forces — 12,000 men — are his personal bodyguards.

American advisers are constantly complaining of difficulties in getting Vietnamese officers to fight the enemy. Every American has a string of anecdotes about the frustrations of trying to convince the Vietnamese to be more aggressive.

It is the "fringe" aspect of America's involvement in the Vietnam war that seems most significant from a long-range viewpoint—the learning and practical application of guerrilla warfare. The country has become a huge, humid, training ground for revitalizing American troops. New chapters in the military textbook are being written as helicopters are used for the first time as offensive weapons, providing the surprise, speed and mobility that are essential to successful guerrilla warfare.

U. S. Special Force commandos—the hush-hush branch of the Army—are in isolated villages and deep in rebel-dominated territory. They are taking a page from Communist tactics and organizing resistance movements and spreading propaganda and terrorism. These young specialists are linguists, politically indoctrinated, and are armed with funds for bribing support. They are prepared to kill and terrorize on their own to defeat the enemy.

Guerrilla warfare is something the U. S. hasn't practiced extensively since British regulars were thrashed in 1776. Modern "camouflage warfare" is becoming vitally important in the nuclear age, and all signs in Vietnam point to recognition of this fact by America. I suspect this is an important reason why the United States is in Vietnam, propping up what is obviously an unpopular administration. I suspect also that the military techniques perfected in Vietnam will be applied to other "hot" areas of the world, either to hold off Communist expansion or to overthrow regimes that are undesirable from a U. S. viewpoint.



In 1937, Mao Tse-tung published what is generally acknowledged to be the classic textbook on guerrilla warfare. The principles followed by Mao toppled the Chaing Kai-shek regime in China, and have since been applied throughout Asia and elsewhere. America seems finally to be absorbing Mao's message, and seems ready to try out the principles in an anti-Communist, anti-guerrilla role.

There are some who believe that the lessons learned in Vietnam may soon be transferred to Cuba and used against Castro—even without direct invasion in force by Americans. A rebel movement could conceivably be built up in Cuba under active American leadership. It might more effectively wreck Castro than a formal invasion. Castro could fall, the theory goes, in the same way that he felled Batista.

Thus, viewed broadly, the war in South Vietnam is an inexpensive way for the United States to relearn techniques of a "forgotten" style of warfare. In the narrow sense, however, it seems to be a tragic lost cause.

Almost twenty-five years ago, Mao Tse-tung said: "A war of resistance that dissociates itself from the masses of the people is without hope for ultimate victory. . . . Without a political goal, guerrilla war must fail . . . and political objectives must coincide with the aspirations of the people." This has become a revolutionary truism.

In Vietnam Americans are outsiders, and the Diem Government is dissociated from the masses. The Vietcong, on the other hand, are of the people and part of the masses. Mao once said guerrillas are "fish" and the people are the "sea" in which they swim. The problem is to raise the political temperature of the water to where the "fish" thrive and proliferate. The Vietcong have come close to doing this. Americans, however, will always be cold-water fish in a tropical tank.

The odds are that the Communists will eventually win in South Vietnam—their patience is more durable than America's enthusiasm for an expensive, futile war. None the less, Vietnam is important and historic. It is the steamy battleground where the cold war of the past decade was buried; it is the birthplace of the "camouflage war" of the nuclear age.

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Love: The Movement Within

THE FIRE NEXT TIME By James Baldwin. The Dial Press. 120 pp. $3.50

Saul Maloff

James Baldwin's new book, *The Fire Next Time*, consists of two "letters": the first, a brief one, is called "My Dungeon Shook: Letter to My Nephew on the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Emancipation"; and the second, which makes up the bulk of the book, is called "Down at the Cross: Letter from a Region of My Mind." Both have appeared before, the first in *The Progressive*, the second in *The New Yorker;* and the latter, at least, has achieved immediate fame. The physical size of the book (even the designer's wiliness of numeration and layout brings it to approximately one hundred very small pages) may raise some doubts as to its substance in the prospective buyer's, or reader's, mind—this being the age of the cloth-covered book that contains two short stories; but he need not hesitate on that count. The book's intrinsic, and singular, value triumphantly justifies its publication. By the time we have read a few pages, all niggling doubts have been put to rest; when we have finished it, the conversion is complete. Praise—and, for that matter, blame—is irrelevant (though we may expect both to descend from all sides and in vast quantity); but it would not be extravagant to say that, given the conjunction of this subject and this writer and our time in history, Baldwin has written a document in the chronicle of the human spirit.

Readers of Baldwin's previous work, both his essays and his fiction, will find little here that is startlingly new. The confessional voice, the apocalyptic style, the prophetic warning, the turbulent emotion contained and disciplined by stylistic elegance, the gospel of love after the storm of hate—all this is familiar enough. Even the autobiographical material—memories of his preacher father, his Harlem boyhood, his own boyhood crisis of faith and renunciation—will recall his first novel, *Go Tell It on the Mountain*. What is new is that this is a summation in which all previously formed fragments and thoughts are yoked violently together, fused, under tremendous pressure, into a single statement. The effect is one of credo, manifesto: Here, finally, in all deliberation (Baldwin seems to be saying), is where I stand. It is desperately important, for me, for you, for all of us, that you heed what I say, and act upon it.

Don't look for analysis of the "Negro Question" here, any more than you would look for it in a sermon, or a lyric poem. Baldwin is a novelist, not a historian or sociologist; and his essays are a novelist's essays. "Down at the Cross" is a letter from within, though it is addressed to his countrymen, and the world. The state it seeks to analyze is an internal one; its temperature is the heat of feeling. Baldwin evokes a state of mind—his own, and, possibly, that of some other Negro intellectuals. How representative his particular angle of vision may be, is another matter.

The job of lyric, however, is to find language and form for how the lyricist feels; if, in telling, he discloses or discovers your feeling too, you owe him a debt you can hardly repay. When Baldwin records, with finest notation, his exacerbated sense of what it is like to be a Negro; when he renders, with furious conviction, the indignities and humiliations which attend his every step, the stifling and perpetual pressure which closes in upon a Negro simply because he is one; when he conveys his sense of the social climate by which the Negro comes despairingly to know, from earliest childhood, the atmosphere in which desperation is bred, that he is a pariah, a little more than animal, but less than human—then, I have no doubt, there can scarcely be a Negro who does not listen to him with full assent. But when we listen to any of Baldwin's voices—his passionately exhortatory one, or his carefully modulated one, his denunciation or his final warning or his pleading—it is not the voice, nor is it the tone, of reason we are hearing, for Baldwin is not a "reasonable" man; it is a lamentation, and a curse, and a prayer. *The Fire Next Time* is a tract-for-the-times, not an argument in the usual sense; and if we are not to be disappointed by false expectations, we must approach it for what it is.

The occasion which provides Baldwin his perspective for assessing precisely where he stands is an evening he spent with Elijah Muhammad, the prophet of the Black Muslim movement (of which Malcolm X is the leading public figure). The question placed before him was, in effect, Whose side are you on? Ours or theirs? God's or the Devil's?

On the Black Muslim side there was (is) absolute eschatological certainty—a theology, a theory of history, a sense of destiny; and on Baldwin's, ambiguity, doubt, pain, the anguish that arises from knowing at one and the same time that the empirical evidence on which the Muslims base their protest and movement is, simply and incontrovertibly, the life history of the American Negro, and that their conclusions, based on separatism, are, for him, not only inadequate and mistaken in the way a political program may be, but profoundly—morally, spiritually—wrong. Their evidence is his (and ours); and no one has sought it out more steadily, seen it more severely and sensitively, or recorded it more brilliantly and movingly than has Baldwin himself.

It is at the point where commitments must be made that he parts ways, though not entirely without guilt, with the Muslims. So deep and unremitting is the hatred which is the entire emotional content of their ideology that they must renounce, cut themselves off from, their American past, from all involvement with the white devil, even to the extent of discarding Christian names and assuming personas. These are the terms of the dialectic; against the purity of their absolutes, Baldwin painfully wrenches from the depths of his own hatred a hope of love. In effect, if not in explicit intention, that is what the book, and especially the "Letter from a Region of My Mind" is—the response Baldwin never made to Elijah Muhammad that night in Chicago.

To love the lyncher and embrace the hangman—that is a strange resolution. Yet Baldwin's message is not to be confused with that ancient

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prayer, for there is no forgiving *these* crimes. The key term of the discourse, "love," must be defined in some radically new way: as it stands it accommodates too many antithetical terms and motives to be of much use in ordinary discourse. "Love," as it appears here, is no program of action, no doctrine for a new movement; it is an action and a movement which must occur within the suffering self, a commitment on one's own part to accept his historic and individual past and compel others to a like acceptance—to force, by the revealing power of the paradox, the white man to accept himself, to accept the tragedy, and condition, that is our common lot, to accept his sexuality and that of others, his death and theirs. For if the white man can accept himself, he can love himself, and love others, love the very fact of their otherness. And what Baldwin invokes is the apocalyptic power of love, the irresistible forcing power of love to induce the catalyst which will, in his conception, alter the course of history. One must first have an identity before he can acknowledge the identity of others; one must be capable of love and *self-respect* before he can give love and respect others.

Now it is terribly easy to dismiss the Muslim doctrine as paranoid: anyone will show you how to do it; and it is almost as easy to dismiss Baldwin's witness as a fashionable compound made of Russian novels and French existentialism and Viennese depth psychology—as mysticism, or, at any rate, mystery. And while you are cogently pointing out to Baldwin how quixotic and absurd he is—and love *is* the most absurd of all our odd notions—the Government of the United States in its awful majesty can barely get a small girl into a kindergarten no child should have to go to, or a young man into a university that is something less than a community of scholars in passionate pursuit of the truth, or a citizen into a poll booth so that he may cast a vote for county sheriff or coroner. While you are telling him about the Supreme Court decision of 1954, Baldwin has genocide in a region of his mind; meanwhile, you counsel patience, but there is no time; and as you prove progress, the heart sinks.

The Fire Next Time is an authoritative argument from extremity. Baldwin, it should finally be noted, derives that title from a "prophecy, re-created from the Bible in song by a slave" and closes his book with the passage of origin:

God gave Noah the rainbow sign,
No more water, the fire next time!

American Letters in Soviet Terms

SOVIET ATTITUDES TOWARD AMERICAN WRITING. By Deming Brown. Princeton University Press. 338 pp. $6.

Helen Muchnic

American literature has been a great disappointment to Soviet Russians. Although they still delight in Mark Twain and Jack London, who were general favorites before the Revolution, more recent writers have let them down. Take the case of Upton Sinclair. He "seems to have been made to order for Russian readers in the early years of the Soviet regime," says Professor Brown. He exposed the faults of capitalism, and however wrong his solutions might have been —Lenin had pointed out as early as 1915 that he was an "emotional Socialist without theoretical grounding" —his diagnoses were correct. There was hope for such a "deeply honorable, steadfast, and aware person," as he was characterized by one critic, who expressed a general view; and between 1921 and 1931 nearly two million copies of his books were circulated in the Soviet Union. But in the next decade there were only 400,000, and in 1934, 1935 and 1936 nothing further of his was published. What had happened? Sinclair had not lived up to Soviet expectations. Instead of turning into a "militant revolutionary," he joined the Democratic Party and in 1934 ran for Governor of California. Why bother to read him after that? Later, however, because he supported the Spanish Loyalists, he was, Professor Brown tells us, "entirely rehabilitated," remaining in favor until 1949 when he declared himself for the Atlantic Pact—a step that showed him up in the eyes of the Russians as a "career-ist and businessman of literature," a "lackey of American imperialism." Then, in 1955, with the release of tensions brought about by the Geneva Conference, a kindlier attitude was indicated, and the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia* of 1956 contained a dispassionate article about him and announced that his "best works were being reissued." In 1957, *The Jungle* appeared in a new edition.

John Dos Passos, on the other hand, the darling of the thirties, considered to be the outstanding, the most promising revolutionary, anti-capitalist writer in America, has remained in limbo ever since 1936, when he was dropped abruptly by the Soviet press and Soviet critics, following the publication of *The Big Money,* which, in their opinion, was "pessimistic" and "defeatist" and in place of the high hopes it had raised, manifested a lamentable retrogression. Then there was Sinclair Lewis. "From 1924 through 1929, there had been twenty-two printings of his separate books." Yet in the following six years "not a single volume of his was published," and in a bibliographical index of English and American authors, issued by the State Central Library of Foreign Literature in 1945, he was *not* even mentioned. Why? Lewis, as Profesor Brown demonstrates, had failed "to prove Soviet theses," his books had been found to have no value "in documenting the generalizations of current official propaganda."

And what of Howard Fast? "No American writer has ever enjoyed more Soviet adulation in his own lifetime." He was even awarded a Soviet decoration in 1953, the Stalin International Peace Prize. His was not only a critical, but a mass, popularity. "For a decade he ranked next to Mark Twain, Dreiser and London as a favorite." But in 1957, he resigned from the Communist Party, and thus became a Judas, who was now called a "worshiper of the capitalist order," and a writer who had never been capable of "strong, logical thought." Professor Brown conjectures that had Dreiser not joined the Communist Party shortly before his death, he too, like Howard Fast, would have suffered an eclipse instead of becoming the subject of a legend, "a beguiling Communist success story . . . of a writer who . . . painfully overcame deep-seated bourgeois preconceptions . . . and in the end experienced a total beatific revelation."

Through innumerable examples,

Helen Muchnic is the author of From Gorky to Pasternak: Six Writers in Soviet Russia *(Random House).*

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Professor Brown makes clear the reasons for the rise and fall of these, and other, reputations, as well as for the total neglect of such authors as Henry James, who is known only through "two short anthology pieces," and of William Dean Howells, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe, e. e. cummings, Thornton Wilder and Edith Wharton, who have never been published, although they have, on occasion, received critical attention: cummings has been called a "representative of militant reaction," who, along with other poets, supported by the "anti-humanist philosophy" of John Dewey, Bertrand Russell, Santayana, et al., has sought to "disarm the people in the struggle with fascism," while Thornton Wilder has been "dubbed a decadent reactionary" and a purveyor of "gloomy, hopeless pessimism."

With much ingenuity, American writers are used by men who have no knowledge of the United States to confirm a grotesque, official image of it and to further a peculiarly obfuscating theory of art. Hence the absurdity of their judgments and the arrogance with which they encourage or admonish those whom they deem worthy of their tutelage, enjoining Ernest Hemingway to correct his subjectivity, to "transform his concern over individual destiny into a concern for social destiny," commending Edmund Wilson, in 1932, "for having turned from 'literary-critical articles' to 'passionate political invective' . . . a 'completely lawful and necessary stage for his rebuilding,'" reproving Faulkner for knowing nothing about "the basic laws of social-historical development," and so on.

All of this may seem laughable, irritating and presumptuous; but it is not surprising. What *is* surprising is that, given such theories and demands, there are critics who have been able, none the less, to preserve a sense of aesthetic values and to make perceptive observations on works which they might be expected to dismiss out of hand. This speaks well for the power of the mind's independence. It is cheering to be introduced to several critics of this kind and to discover that, through them, such unlikely writers as Tennessee Williams and J. D. Salinger have been recently published in the Soviet Union and that even *Moby Dick* was brought out in 1960. In addition, one should note that, whatever they may think of it, Russians know our literature much better than we know theirs.

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Modesty in Exuberance

MODERN BRAZILIAN POETRY: An Anthology. Edited and translated by John Nist. Indiana University Press. 175 pp. $5.50.

Keith Botsford

The modern movement in Brazilian poetry is a sustained effort, remarkably unified and, as Mr. Nist points out in his introduction, *central* to the cultural development of the nation: today, forty years after the famous modernist week in Sao Paulo, poetry still informs all aspects of Brazilian life, right down to the Bossa Nova; it has never been cut off from its culture. During all these forty years, the best poets in this collection have been writing direct, economical, observant and ironical poems, profoundly anti-rhetorical; they have always stressed meaning and simplicity; always sought an audience.

Of the twelve poets represented in this anthology, the most clearly *Brazilian* are: Manuel Bandeira, Carlos Drummond de Andrade, Cassiano Ricardo, Jorge de Lima, and Joao Cabral de Melo Neto. Why Brazilian? First because they use the highly colloquial, nominative Portuguese spoken in Brazil and bind it to the complex imagery called for by Brazilian reality; and second, because of their immediacy, modesty and highly personal tone.

Like American English, Brazilian Portuguese is primarily a spoken rather than a literary language; it was formed under the stress of discovery, on the basis of several cultures. Despite a typical Latin weakness for an Academy and linguistic purism, it has remained susceptible to innovation; and possibly because Portuguese had a lesser literary tradition than Spanish, Brazil was quicker than the rest of Latin America to overthrow "poetic diction." Then the very richness of Brazil made the language rich in substantives and gave it a definite bias toward the concrete and sensual. Add to this dialects, regional accents and speech patterns, and one can see why Brazilian poets have not had to waste time (no more than Americans) in trying to create new rhetorics. Finally, the language is extremely varied as to sound and rhythm, and this wealth of consonance and assonance, homophonous puns and rhythmical effects, has been assiduously exploited.

The vocation of the modern Brazilian poet has been that of "minor" poet; this is not a term of derogation, but a specific genre. That enormously interesting and intelligent monarch, Pedro II, who presumed to advise Nietzsche when he met him mountain climbing, set a lasting historical tone: of relative austerity, scale and just proportion. A poet like Carlos Drummond de Andrade can sum up his *poetica* as follows: "I aspire first to faithful indifference, but poised enough to sustain life."

From all we know of Brazilian life, however, the poet has to live in an excessive society: excessive in growth, in popular exuberance. The consequent tension between richness on the one hand—color, foliage, display—and reserve, discipline, exactness and modesty on the other, creates the Brazilian image:

Era um triste sujo
Feito de doença
e de mortal desgôsto
na pele enfarada
Nao era sujo prêto
— o prêto tao puro
numa coisa branca.
Era sujo pardo,
pardo, tardo, cardo.

It was a sad dirt
Made from disease
And from mortal anguish
In the disgusted skin.
It was not black dirt—
The black so pure
In a white thing.
It was a gray-brown dirt
Gray-brown, dull, thistle.

From *A Mao Suja:*
Carlos Drummond de Andrade

This, like most of the poems in the anthology, moves by direct apprehension, through the senses; the human scale dominates; psychological sensibility gives it structure. Larger themes are faced directly, without a theory interposed. None of the poets represented is "difficult" in the wrong sense of the word.

Given these "Brazilian" characteristics, I think the reader can see how difficult it would be to convey Brazilian poetry into another milieu, and one should perhaps not blame Mr. Nist too much for his failure to do so. As Stephen Spender recently said, the only man who ought to be allowed to publish translations without the original on the opposite page is Robert Lowell. Translation is one of two things: a remaking of the original in keeping with a new age and a different mind, or a gloss for the inexpert reader, making no claim to substitute one form of experience for another. The former requires a peer; the latter, a work horse.

One presumes it was not Mr. Nist, a poet with a self-declared devotion to "traditional" forms, but the Indiana University Press, that opted to upgrade Mr. Nist to the status of "peer"; unfortunately, in doing so and giving us no original for comparison, they have left us with no alternative but to accept modern Brazilian poetry at Mr. Nist's level, which is both laborious and tone-deaf, full of arbitrary transpositions, uselessly messy with *ohs* and *ahs,* full of unnecessary def-

Keith Botsford, editor of the Noble Savage *and a novelist whose* The March-Man *will be published this year by Viking, is in Latin America on an assignment for the Congress for Cultural Freedom.*

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Harvey Swados in praise of

COAT UPON A STICK

by Norman Fruchter

"I would not have thought it possible to say anything new in *fiction* about the Jew in America; I certainly would not have thought it could be done by a writer in his early twenties. Mr. Fruchter has proved me wrong on both counts. I salute him for this and I am grateful, too, for an unusually honest and an unusually moving book."

Just published. $3.95. Simon and Schuster

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inite articles and the long forms of verbs. The missed opportunities, of sense, of poetry, of rhyme, of ambiguity, of rhythm—in fact of *conveying* something more than mere "meaning" —are a marvel of ingenuity and haste.

It will be objected that Mr. Nist appears here not as poet, but as scholar. Why, then, have we no apparatus of any sort? No way of looking up titles in the original, no dating, no sequence within the selections? Why does the introduction leave us in ignorance as to why *these* poems and not others were chosen? As a matter of fact, the selections, though adequate, are *not* fully representative of several of the poets. And finally, if Mr. Nist wished to provide no more than a doggedly literal version, why aren't we told what we're getting?

We do owe a debt of gratitude for the energy and good will displayed; but a *pis aller* is not good enough for so important a body of poetry. My hope is that this collection will not (as so often has been the case) block the appearance of another and better one. Brazilian poetry deserves a fuller, bilingual edition, translated by a more sensitive ear and accompanied by such attentions as a university press (for $5.50) could and should provide.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

Richard Neutra has recently published an informal, episodic book in which he roams his past and muses about our future.* In the past are nostalgic passages on growing up in pre-World War I Vienna, of youthful army service in Serbia, Montenegro and Albania, Germany after the war, of migration to the United States, of months of drawing up bathroom groups and elevator shafts for the architects of the Palmer House in Chicago, of Adolf Loos and Frank Lloyd Wright, of the move on to California. With regard to himself the attitude of the author is pleasantly inquiring, an improvement over most books by designers, which come out just a little dogmatic. "Can one arrange one's life?" Neutra asks, and, without discarding his earlier book, *Survival Through Design*, he implies not. To survive at all as a person you must keep trying, but who can master events?

The architectural thesis which comes out of these pages is loose-knit: an architect has always to be in touch with biological realism. Like writing, the field is not narrow. Neutra, who is seventy-one and a galvanically charming man in person, the very prototype of a brilliant self-publicist, in this relaxed book even discourses amusingly on clients, a very rare activity for an architect.

Neutra, who has built some of the most beautiful houses in the world, points out that the architect "can learn to feel with the dramatic ups and downs of souls unfolding in a very concrete quest and hope for happiness; and suffering before his eyes from changing fortunes. He learns to be not a rationalist logician in the midst of watering mouths, or a sanctimonious preacher, but perhaps a humble warner—and then an encourager of what may really last in our responses."

His best client story is a classic in this respect. Neutra's attitude is tender-

**Life and Shape.* By Richard Neutra. Appleton-Century-Crofts. 366 pp. $7.95.

March Publications

This selective list is published for readers who may be deprived of their usual reference sources by the New York newspaper strike.

Non Fiction

Nelson Algren. *Who Lost an American?* Macmillan.

Willy Brandt. *The Ordeal of Coexistence.* Harvard.

Eric Hoffer. *The Ordeal of Change.* Harper and Row.

Emmet John Hughes. *The Eisenhower Years.* Doubleday.
The Ordeal of Power. Atheneum.

Ralph McGill. *The South and the Southerner.* Little, Brown.

Samuel Eliot Morison. *The Two-Ocean War.* Little, Brown.

Conor Cruise O'Brien. *To Katanga and Back.* Simon & Schuster.

Natalie Sarraute. *The Age of Suspicion.* Braziller.

Alice B. Toklas. *What Is Remembered.* Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

Cecil Woodham-Smith. *The Great Hunger.* Harper and Row.

Fiction

Sybille Bedford. *A Favourite of the Gods.* Simon & Schuster.

Uwe Johnson. *Speculations About Jakob.* Grove.

Nicholas Monsarrat. *Smith and Jones.* Sloane.

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ly understanding, but terribly funny, as he relates how a Hollywood producer approached him in the thirties:

Sick and tired of motion pictures, he wanted to devote all his time to building a small house of his own. He proposed a budget, also then very modest, of exactly $9,200, which I should keep sharply in mind! "I am at the present time making fourteen thousand a week," he said, "but I want to give up this damned rat race to be completely free to work with you and supervise the house myself."

Cautiously I suggested that he had better keep his job with the studio for two more weeks at least, as the budget seemed to be—well, rather small, especially in view of the fact that he immediately started to talk of an elaborate adjacent workshop where he could enjoy modeling and burning large-scale ceramics, which he loved doing but now had no time to do. I hinted also that I knew of a man who possibly would be willing to supervise the little house for less than $14,000 a week. But he did not want to hear of that. He looked forward to that pleasure himself. "Building a house is like dancing on a meadow," he said. "You can't let someone else do it for you."

So they began. The budget went up and down, "adding zeros" when the producer began his own production of an adventure film in Spain, shrinking when the Iowa preview audience yawned. One trouble with an architect's operations, of course, is that even a house-building spreads itself across quite a time of history. The dance on the meadow is in all seasons.

As the producer's film was recalled and revised and things looked better, his house had artificial rain-making apparatus added to a jungle garden on a roof. The master's bedroom was surrounded by a heat-reflecting stainless steel grating, adjustable. As money threatened to pour in from box offices, worries about security came up.

No doubt about it, the property was way out of town, and a man with a big income from a successful film like the one in the works could easily be molested by kidnapers, who might try to cross the moat beneath the pendant optical grating during the night. It was also clear that this medieval scheme of protection was in a way primitive and outdated and would have to be supplemented by electronic devices to do away with any intruders who entered the moat as soon as they got their feet wet. Thus, flipping a switch on the complex control panel over the night stand in the bedroom would suddenly electrically charge the water of those protective basins.

There was one item which first astounded me when I brought the magnificent bathroom plans to the owner, but it is no more proper for an architect in a successful world of free enterprise — or probably anywhere — to be surprised at any time than it was for a chamberlain of the Borgias a few hundred years earlier. I had to feel with the man . . . when he said, "Take out all the locks of the bathroom doors." Worriedly he added, "It is my experience that there is always somebody in the bathroom, threatening to commit suicide and blackmailing you, unless you can get in freely. . . ."

Too bad more architects don't sit down to write like this one. The design is only a part of the profession—the client is more.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

There is no comment in the public prints about the English invasion of our theatre. It might sound suspiciously like xenophobia. Look around the Rialto, and what do we see? *A Man for All Seasons, The School for Scandal, Beyond the Fringe, Two Pinter Plays, Photo Finish, Stop the World—I Want to Get Off, The Hollow Crown, Oliver!*, Margaret Leighton, Hermione Baddeley, Brian Bedford, Tony Richardson and more to come.

We are glad to have them, of course, for they have enriched our stage. But we must blush with embarrassment. Are we still colonial? The present semester has been the worst in many years. (I have repeated this for the past three or four seasons, and each time I have been right.) Time was when an English dramatic critic yearned for Broadway excitement. Had not some learned observers proclaimed the American theatre "the best"? But I remain an optimist. Things will improve; there is nowhere to go but up.

The latest blow from Albion—to which I succumb with pleasure—is struck at the Strollers Theatre Club (154 East 54 Street) with the performance of *The Establishment*. It is at once the equivalent of a Parisian political cabaret show, a miniature revue, and the name of an anti-Establishment establishment in Soho London. It provides a tart dish of civilized fun.

Only two numbers—one of them a poor joke—struck me as weak. With smartly incisive strokes, the rest makes hash of the triumphs and catastrophes of leading figures and momentous problems which radio and television, now that New York has no newspapers, bid us take seriously. (The theatre during the past week was sunk in seriousness: three plays in dead earnest opened and closed before I could cry "boo!") We may have reached the point where much of our political and social life can be faced only with delinquent jeers.

I myself am possessed of an untoward idealism. I believe in passion and am sometimes capable of it. For this reason I am occasionally given to protests against the narrow negativism of many recent novels and plays. There are too many rebels without causes or commitments. We hear folk yell blue murder, but we are rarely certain on behalf of what the blood-curdling screams are sounded. Nevertheless, I have begun to wonder whether it is not foolish to be critical of the noisy or bleak mockery I sometimes find objectionable. For today, it seems, the nihilists are our only radicals (I speak at any rate of America).

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pleased and pleasant nihilism. It begins by poking fun at British upper-class consciousness, of which the plainest evidence is the distinction between accents. The young people of The Establishment (average age twenty-four) not only lay about their own British foibles and failures but, unprejudiced by national boundaries, deliver smiling thrusts at our own policies and personalities and those of the French, the Africans and whosoever appears fallible anywhere—which makes it universal. There is a song by Christopher Logue which sets the tone in a sober vein: it tells of a man who always says "No!"

There are cracks at our attitude toward Cuba—very amusing—there is a grisly and hilarious television picture of a surgical operation which is a surprising cigarette ad (the smoking surgeon is none other than Jonathan Miller, the physician-buffoon of *Beyond the Fringe*), there is a musical ditty about relaxing in the sun in which we see juxtaposed British royalty in benign parade with shots of brutality and destruction all over the world, ending with an atomic blast. There is an interview with the Minister of Defense which, while it specifically kids our cousins, is no less applicable to all of us.

Best of all, to my taste, is a purely British sketch—admirably acted—that might be called Seduction in England or Love in a Cold Climate. Here a young man seeing his date home to her digs is unable, though he is eager and she receptive, to cross the sex barrier. (The English are making progress in this regard, but that is another story.) The flesh is willing but the reticence forbidding. What makes this sketch so devastating is the fact that the two people are not prim Victorians, but the girl one who reads Martin Buber, whom the young man mistakes for Martin Luther. If anything is creative in this show, this sketch—parallel to some of Nichols and May's spoofs—certainly is.

All five who compose the cast are able, bright, personable—and altogether representative of England's new left-wing intelligentsia and/or hard-working Bohemia. But calling them "left-wing" may be misleading. Republicans, Democrats and, if there are any, Socialists, can visit *The Establishment* and find themselves equally insulted and entertained. *The Establishment* finds everything and everyone due an amiable kick in the pants. The punishment is worth the price. And when one has laughed, one may also ask, "At what and at whom are we laughing?"

LETTER from ITALY

Bruce Renton

A film directed by the Italian, Nanni Loy, is threatening to strain Italo-German relations and cause repercussions in NATO. The film is *The Four Days of Naples* and it portrays, in the now traditional Italian neo-realistic style, the Neapolitan insurrection against the German occupation forces in 1943. Because of the film, bitterly attacked in the West German press, a German parliamentary cultural delegation canceled its visit to Italy. According to the German magazine *Stern*, Foreign Minister Schroeder has even set up a commission to show that the German troops really acted like gentlemen in Naples. To add insult to injury, the Italian film commission has now sent *The Four Days of Naples* to Hollywood as a candidate for the Best Foreign Film Oscar, giving it precedence over Antonioni's *Eclipse* and Franco Rosi's *Salvatore Giuliano*.

The Four Days was made by the Italian company, Titanus, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release, and covers "the unplanned, spontaneous uprising that exploded on September 28, 1943, and ended on October 1, after German troops had fled the city." It was filmed on the streets of Naples over a period of fifteen weeks, and stars "the people of Naples" portraying themselves and supported by a group of professional actors who appear anonymously. Some of the professionals include Charles Belmont, Regina Bianchi, Lea Massari.

The picture does not have a plot in the usual sense; it is a record of events: A religious procession in Naples, September 8, 1943, is interrupted by an air raid. News of the Badoglio armistice brings delirious Neapolitans into the streets. An Italian sailor and a German soldier celebrate the end of the war together, but a German patrol tells the soldier that the Italians have betrayed them and the German takes the sailor prisoner. The German Command orders the public execution of the sailor in front of the university and an enormous crowd of Neapolitans is forced to kneel and applaud the killing.

The Germans then clear the coastal area, moving 100,000 Neapolitans. They start rounding up the men for manpower in Germany. On the steps of the university a Fascist's body is left with a placard round his neck, "Il Primo" (The First). Two Neapolitan youths are killed in a fight with the Germans. Their bodies are loaded atop a taxi and paraded through the silent streets to entice the population out to fight the Germans.

Miraculously, the resistance gathers force; it includes all sorts of people, from an Italian army captain to a university professor and a group of *scugnizzi* (urchins) from the reformatory. One tiny boy dies fighting a tank. At the end, the German columns slowly march away through the streets of Naples. They are flying the white flag.

After the German press attacks, Nanni Loy held a press conference in Rome. "Why should we justify the

Bruce Renton is the Rome correspondent of the New Statesman *(London) and the author of* Russian Literature in Italy in the Nineteenth Century.

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film?" he asked: "The Germans are the ones who should be asking to be excused." Loy gave the journalists present a bitter speech: "Some episodes of Nazi barbarism were omitted. . . . We tried to catch the spirit that animated those days. I want to reply to those German journalists who have dared to become ironic over the execution of the sailor and the shooting up of a boatload of Neapolitans. Let me tell you more . . . the things that are not in the film. At Nola, a group of Italian officers were shot and buried next to the latrines. . . . The Germans were thieves as well as murderers. Somebody has said that the German C.O., Colonel Scholl, was really not a bad fellow but that he was provoked by the partisans. But though the German law was that ten Italians should be shot for every German, Scholl made his own law: he shot 100 Italians for every German. This is history. Neither I nor Vasco Pratolini nor Carlo Bernari invented any of this. . . ." (These two well-known Italian writers collaborated with Loy in the film. Bernari is himself a Neapolitan.) The conference reached boiling point when a Fascist deputy, Caradonna, asked Loy why he didn't make a film of the Italians who died in Russia. Loy snapped: "I'll do that, and I'll start at the point where the Germans open fire on the Italian troops."

Not all the Italian Left approves entirely of the film. A Naples Communist leader told me that the film gave a completely false impression of the revolt. The revolt had not been unorganized or on that scale. It had consisted of "highly organized, small, armed groups" with very specific tasks, chiefly aimed at preventing the German destruction of the city. Nor had the Germans been chased from the city; they had, in any case, decided on a withdrawal to the Cassino line.

Politics and history apart, what are the artistic merits of the film? It is already a commonplace to say that Loy has done for Naples what Rossellini's *Open City* did for Rome. But *Open City* had a deep sense of humanity that is somehow lost in Loy's film. It is odd that, in spite of the massacres, there is nothing tragic in *The Four Days*, as there was in *Open City*, also in *Paisan*. In those films the pathos was true; here, it is a little forced, even imitated from those first neo-realistic war films. Nor is it sufficient to justify the extravagance by saying that it is appropriate to the Italian temperament. Untold artistic sins can be perpetrated—and are, in this film—in the name of the Neapolitan temperament. The artist dealing with hysteria need not be hysterical.

The Italo-German quarrel shows no signs of abating, in spite of Italian Foreign Minister Piccione's visit to Bonn to smooth things over. *Der Abend* writes that the Germans must teach the Italians a lesson. *Stern* called *The Four Days* an "insurrection of pimps and prostitutes." Meanwhile the Italian left-wing is urgently preparing a counter-documentation to combat the expected Wehrmacht statement on what took place at Naples. It will certainly be difficult for the Germans to deny the insurrection, because the Fascist newspapers of the time speak of "armed bands of Bolsheviks in the streets of Naples," while Radio Munich (October 2, 1943) announced that after "three days of bitter fighting the resistance of the bandits had been broken by the Blackshirts."

(*Continued from page 177*)

vestigations is not of the sort that is relevant to the "professionalization" of the peace worker.

Instead of matching the strategist's calculations by counter-calculations and so giving to the whole approach an aura of totally undeserved respectability, the peace worker should rather manage to meet the strategist on his own (the peace worker's) ground. This is not simply in order to get the best of him in an argument (scoring points is futile in this context), but in order to keep the dialogue centered on the relevant issues. As I have said, there is little hope of inducing those who take strategy seriously to think like human beings. There may be hope, however, of getting the others, the infiltrators (if they have not forgotten their avowed purpose of joining the Establishment and its research affiliates) to become somewhat more sophisticated in areas of knowledge relevant to peace-making: psychology, sociology, anthropology, political science and history. Then, perhaps, one can get a larger proportion of sessions in future arms-control symposia (from which, hopefully, the word "disarmament" will no longer be dropped), where matters relevant to the substantive issues and the psychology of human conflict will be discussed.

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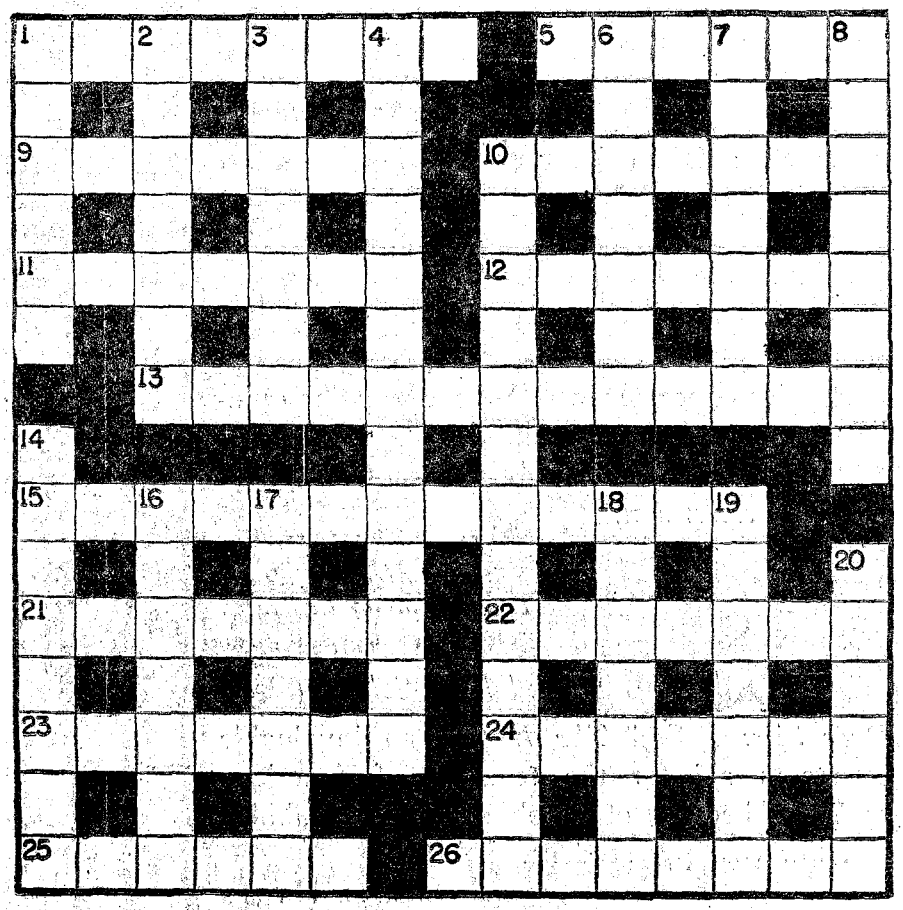
Crossword Puzzle No. 1,000

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Might be appropriately found in a tar ball? (8)
5 Set, or disturbing to it. (6)
9 Dive? Stand, rather. (7)
10 If returns on what might be a land investment turn out, you can travel abroad this way. (7)
11 Set on fire, or merely get smoke. (5)
12 Works once more with such answers? (7)
13 Fresh dye, if put in such a mixture, might rate one star. (6,7)
15 Such a gesture might be a giveaway. (13)
21 They should be able to give visitors a cordial reception here. (7)
22 Unable to make one of these spiral, perhaps? (7)
23 Prepares to satisfy a desire, in a way. (7)
24 They may have a certain amount of power, but their forces are largely on paper. (7)
25 But this surgeon did more than just itemize his findings. (6)
26 Is something like a daffodil likely to be found in such an old shape?

DOWN:

1 Only a fraction of the day is provided to all the faithful, according to one religion. (6)
2 Insolvent war-time leader — cut down to size, of course. (7)
3 What the careless don't give up with things that stick up in the plant? (7)
4 What Luther made stop in state or otherwise? (13)
6 The stamp of the domineering? (5)
7 In the hereafter, ministers might point out such conclusions. (7)
8 What the sailor does, as the broken leg is evidently healed. (5, 3)
10 Do such woodsmen give a word of warning to the uninvited? (6, 7)
14 Rather shady? (8)
16 Is there a certain amount of breaking in necessary with such a sadiron? (7)
17 Attribute of an old writer? (7)
18 They were told not to do it in the streets of Askelon. (7)
19 When crude oil is in a cold environment, it's no wonder such a substance will not readily diffuse. (5)
20 The construction of a steel plant?

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 999

ACROSS: 1 Date palms; 9 Gremlin; 10, 30 and 18 Strike a happy medium; 11, 12 and 13 The golden mean; 15 Home-made; 16 Felloe; 20 Affronts; 23 and 6 across Townships; 24 Trench; 25 Pas; 28 Torrent; 29 Diffuse; 31 Clamshell. DOWN: 1 Digit; 2 and 17 The germ of an idea; 3 Polygamous; 4 Landlady; 5 Sestet; 6 Surd; 7 Inkwell; 8 and 26 Stainless steel; 14 Gearshifts; 15 Hemstitch; 19 Dewdrop; 21 Neptune; 22 Arctic; 27 Very.

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